

No Tears in Heaven.

BY MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

No tears shall be in Heaven lift up thine eye,
Ye sad and burdened spirits to the sky.
The morning hasteth, when the shades of night
Shall flee away before the dawn of light.

Lift up thine eye that glorious day is near,
When eyes now dim with sorrow's gathering tear,
Shall weep no more through all the endless day,
For his dear hand shall wipe all tears away.

Here those we love may rest in dreamless sleep,
And oft we linger round their graves to weep;
The cold, hard world knows not the bitter smart,
The aching void within our weary heart.

Here sickness comes. The weak and faltering breath
Grows faint and fainter at the approach of death;
With gathering tears, we watch the cherished flower,
Decay and wither in a single hour.

Ah! weary, mourning one, do ye not know
There is a land where fadeless flowers grow,
Where ne'er is heard the mourner's bitter sigh,
And gathering tears shall never dim the eye?

We may not see the hand that guides our way
Through earth's dark shadows to th' eternal day
The wondrous ways of God we may not tell;
But this we know, he doeth all things well.

Ah! blessed hope the night is almost past,
Earth's stormy tempests may not always last;
Soon shall we rest through all th' eternal day,
And all our tears shall then be wiped away.

Vernon, Mich., June 3rd. 1882.

The Ever Present Help.

Extract from a Sermon preached at Upper Dublin, Dec. 14, 1884, by E. E. Roberts. Text: "What aileth thee Hagar?"—Gen. 21: 17.

Down in the valley of Gerar, midway between Kadesh and Shur, stood the city of Gerar, one of the capital cities of Philistia; near this were pitched the tents of the venerable Abraham, as his flock and herd of many thousands covered the valley, climbed the hillsides, cooled themselves in the shade of the elders, or quenched their thirst at the pools of water. Here is the scene of our text: "What aileth thee Hagar?" That we may the better understand the full importance of the text let us look back into the history of the prominent characters, viz: Abraham, Sarah and Hagar. In the 15th chapter we have Abraham talking with God and complaining of his misfortune. God promises him a child. Then Hagar flees from the just punishment she receives from wronged Sarah. God meets her, shows her her wrong, and bids her go do her duty, and promises her that of her seed he will make a mighty nation. The 21st chapter opens with the account of the birth of the promised Isaac, then the mocking Ishmael, the son of Hagar, and the just anger of Sarah. And she goes to Abraham and states her grievance, and demands that he casts out the bond-woman and her son. Hard was this for him to do, unnatural also, and I have faith enough in Abraham to believe he would never have done it, had not God bade him follow the direction of Sarah. Rising early in the morning he summons Hagar and her child before him, and giving her some bread and a pitcher of water, he "sent her away, and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba." But the bread is eaten, the water consumed, and Hagar now finds death from thirst and starvation staring her in the face. She presses that child to her bosom as a mother only can, looks into that dear face—the face of all faces to her the sweetest and fairest,—with agony, such as mothers only can feel or know, when they know that it is all they have; she can not look upon that baby form as it struggles in the last agony, she cannot see the form of her darling stiffen in death. She lays it beneath the bushes and goes away to weep. Then comes the bitter cry of anguish that reaches the ear of the Almighty. "God heard her." Brother, sister, friend, God always hears. He speaks to her in the words of our text: "What aileth thee Hagar?" "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." Salvation had come.

What are the lessons? In what points are we like Hagar? She was a bond-woman a poor, foreign, heathen slave. Do I look upon none that are bond-men and women? Are we all free? Are we? Do we not feel the bonds of sin binding us? Even those of our number who have been made "free from the law and its fearful consequences" find a galling chain that fain would bind us again, and, like Paul of old, we have a fearful warfare to keep our freedom. But our appetites? "Ah, yes," says one, "I am a slave to rum. I cannot break the chain." While I am an earnest temperance

man, I agree with you. You cannot break the bond—except by grace divine. But another is a slave to tobacco; another tells me I have a weakness of will, I cannot resist the lust of the eye; and still another tells me I have a passion for gambling, and so on, all through the list of human errors. But the slavery that is galling is not to be found only in these. Passing over the many things, as love of ease, love of reward, &c.

Of one more thing do I wish to speak, namely, the slavery induced by the love of money—covetousness. How often does this bond detain us from our Christian duty. We have a thousand dollars for our homes, and but five and ten for the church; we have fifty for the purpose of advertising our business, and but five cents for the Gospel missionary who shall go forth to tell the glad tidings of the Gospel. We have one hundred dollars a year for the fashionable education of our children, and ten cents for the furnishing of the Sunday school with the best methods of teaching God's word. The devil is indeed a cunning adversary and energetic as well. He covers the blank wall, the board fence and every available spot with showy theatre bills, circus advertisements and horse-race show cards, furnishes his brothels with showy furniture and music, and his gambling hells with splendor, that he may catch your unsuspecting child. Nor is this all. We are so unwilling to give God his tithe that, not contented with our own nine-tenths, we want God's tenth also. Pardon me if I draw it too strong. Many a man's poverty is the result of his own meanness. What says the prophet Malachi 3: 10? "Bring in your tithes into my store house * * and prove me if I will not open to you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "What aileth thee," then, oh, bond-man or woman, have you forgotten the God of Hagar? Can you not see the arm that is ever ready to help you? Look up and see the well of water. She was an outcast; she was homeless, though yonder was Abraham's tented host, though yonder rose the palaces of the distant Geher. But what was that to her? She could not go to a door and knock and have it opened to her; no one to bid her a welcome home. For her not one waited her coming or grieved at her tarrying; none spread for her the table with the things most palatable to her. Most of us are much more fortunate than she. Few of us, perhaps, that do not have a home with more or less of the comforts and luxuries of life. True, we may not hold the title to yonder mansion; our names may not be engraved upon the door plate of yonder palatial residence,—but still we have our own dear homes around whose hearthstones we gather the loved ones, and while the storms and winds rage without we exchange the tokens of our mutual love. But is there one on the wide earth that has no home? To you comes the text with sweetest comfort: "What aileth thee, oh homeless one? Have you forgotten Him who hath said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not, so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' Weep not then, only be sure that you 'can read your titles clear to mansions in the skies,' then 'bid farewell to every fear and wipe your weeping eyes.'"

She was a stranger in a strange place, far away from her Egyptian home and the scenes of her early life. No loving mother to whom to confide her sorrow; no father or brother to hear and vindicate her wrongs; no sister to embrace and kiss. She was a stranger in a strange country. Surely she was to be pitied. Are we strangers to-day? Is the night dark around us?—hark the voice, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Seek and ye shall find." What aileth thee, thou Hagar, stranger? God's mercy is free; He tenderly pleads for you to accept. Will you wander a stranger longer?

She was sorrowful. Who can doubt for a moment that her heart bled and bitter tears were shed. Oh, how many hearts that bleed to-day. We may see sorrow depicted plainly on your cheeks. You have parted from dear ones—the babe has been taken from your bosom, the husband from the wife, the wife from the husband, the father and mother from their accustomed places,—

you bore them away to the graveyards and there left them. You are Hagar in more than one sense. But what aileth thee, Hagar? Have you forgotten that there is a time in the near future when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." There will be no death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any pain, for all these things have passed away." (Rev. 21: 4.) What aileth sorrowful, weeping Hagar.

She was discouraged. Oh, the host of Hagar! So many discouragements and weepings. And we meet with many of whom we may enquire "What aileth thee, Hagar?" But the answer comes: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." What, all things? Yes, all things. Then, what aileth thee? Up, now; no more setting in the shadow.

The command, "Arise, lift up the lad,—there is work to be done, Hagar." Work for you and me. Yonder are sinners to lead to Sunday school, sinners to warn, the Gospel to preach, missions to endow, homes to sustain. Oh, the need of busy Hagar! No time to repine and weep; up, and to work! It is an awful thing to live—a fearful thing to die, with work undone. God grant that we may come laden with golden sheaves.

Exorcists.

BY E. MASON.

It appears that before our Lord's appearance on earth, the belief in demoniacal possession had spread among the Jews, and that some of the Jews had given themselves to the evocation of evil spirits. One class of these were in the habit of using magic formulas which were said to be derived from Solomon. And in Judea some used the name of Christ as powerful in casting out devils. Compare Luke 9: 49 and 11: 19, 27. We find also a Jewish sorcerer in Cyprus enjoying great influence with the governor or proprietor of the Romans in that island, who is called a magus, or magician. It is not improbable that some forms of these evil arts came from Chaldea. (Isaiah 47: 12.) The persons referred to seem not to have been magicians, but healers of diseases and casters out of evil spirits. They travelled from place to place as some of the lower curers of special diseases go about in our country. Hence the word "strolling" (See Revised N. T.) They are called exorcists from a Greek word, signifying to put under oath, to demand an oath from some one; and the name implied that these practitioners had power over evil spirits, being able by dreaded formulas to expel them from the bodies of the possessed, and then to remove the causes of insanity, of nervous and other maladies. When these persons at Ephesus saw what power Paul had, the Jewish exorcists at least, who had heard something of Jesus, tried to imitate Paul.

The exorcists, however, are a well-known Jewish class. They are the strolling jugglers—the sort called "impostors" in the Revised Edition, in 2 Timothy 3: 13—and their magic pretense was to exercise power by means of magic words, especially by the tetra-grammation or four-letter name of God, which we call Jehovah, whose pronunciation has been lost for ages, because for ages it has been deemed a profanation to pronounce it. Its ordinary Jewish designation is "the separated name"; for its vowels are gone. The Jews called such pretenders (to the true sense and pronunciation of the magic name) "lords of the name;" and many of the Jews have attributed Christ's miracles to his mastery of the same art. Of course, the common belief was that these jugglers thus exercised a real power. The sons of Sceva and those like them also had a lurking belief that Paul was master of an art in which they knew that they themselves were impostors; and the result shows that their belief covered a half-truth.

The world either breaks or hardens the heart.

He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Candor is a virtue often affected to cover hypocrisy.

To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is God-like.

Suffering is the surest way of making us true to ourselves.

He who despises the little is not worthy of the great.